

FAIR BUT FATAL.

The Strange Curse Hanging Over Crusoe's Island.

ITS HERMIT TENANT OF TO-DAY.

Alfred de Rodt, a Swiss Nobleman, Reproducing the Experiences of Alexander Selkirk.

On the south Pacific, 400 miles off the Chilean coast, lies the little rocky island of Juan Fernandez, where romance and tragedy, those deities usually more fond of effete lands, have worked their picturesque and fearful ends, and kept the eyes of the world fixed upon this insignificant spot.



HE HAD TO LIVE HERE.

This is the historic island which Alexander Selkirk told "Monarch of all he surveyed," the island which afforded the color locale of the immortal "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," the island which has attracted and now keeps as willing prisoner a restless Swiss nobleman, Alfred de Rodt, and is the spot of earth which, almost alone, seems absolutely to resist the domination of man.

In the nature of things, since on Juan Fernandez no descending colony has ever taken root and no event of history either in precept or practice has transpired, one would have expected interest in the island itself to have grown stolid and cold. Yet people, with or without reason, have taken a quite different view. No traveler ever visits Valparaiso without looking out eagerly for the Robinson Crusoe island, and when shipping bound from Chile round Cape Horn or from California, as well as vessels sailing between Chile and Australia, ceased to break their voyage there, and wide spread was the disappointment expressed by passengers and sailors alike.

History touches Juan Fernandez at arm's length. Its discovery may reasonably be associated with the exploratory period of the Pacific. Who was the first Spanish or the first English navigator to set foot there is not positively known, but it is generally accepted that about 1593 a Spanish ship named Juan Fernandez visited and gave his name to the island. Upon him the fertile valleys and delightful climate made so deep an impression that he obtained from the Spanish government a grant of the island and stocked it with goats and pigs, meaning, no doubt, to make there a home for his old age.

He never carried out this plan, however, and the island soon reduced to its own state of wildness the animals he had brought. Previous to that time no quadruped had lived there. It is to Juan Fernandez, therefore, rather than to his own exertions (although both he and his biographer, Defoe, have made much of them) that Alexander Selkirk owed his ability to live there. At the time of his landing on the island the irregular surface and the mountains—one of which, El Yunque, rises 8,000 feet above the sea—were overgrown with the descendants of Juan Fernandez's live stock.

So we come to Robinson Crusoe, the king of the island. His story cannot be told too often. The book of his life will never die, but its perpetuity depends more on the innate curiosity which prompts, for strange modes of life than on its map, direct and absolutely admirable style.

Alexander Selkirk, a native of the fishing village Largo, in Fifehire, Scotland, sailed in September, 1704, as sailing master of the ship "George," commanded by Thomas Stradling, on a voyage to the coast of America. There is little doubt in the minds of even the kindest historians that this was a buccannering voyage. That was a buccannering age.

The ship put in the bay now called Cumberland bay, on the north-east side of the island, for fresh water. Juan Fernandez, it should be stated, was a favorite resort of the Pacific freebooter and known to all filibusters.

While on shore Selkirk and his captain quarreled. They were only restrained from exchanging blows by the fear of the mutiny their example might precipitate, but Selkirk, whose disposition seemed to be to harbor malice, decided to abandon the ship and remain on the island alone. Resolution failed him, however, when he saw the ship about to put to sea; he ran to the shore and pleaded to be taken on board, but the captain hardened his heart and sailed away, leaving Selkirk alone on the island.

He had his clothes and bedding, a gun, a small quantity of powder and ball, a hatchet, knife and kettle and his Bible. Plenty of the necessities of life were all about him, and considering what was in his mind—for Selkirk confidently expected to be taken off by the next buccannier—his situation was not so deplorable nor his misadventure such a hero as Daniel Defoe has made him.

Yet, unknown to himself, he was doomed to live there, with no society but cats and

the kids he tamed for four years and four months. The tide of buccannering had sought another sea, and the Spanish government was taking severe measures to restrain its flow around their possessions. One ship only in all these years arrived in port, and that a Spaniard. Eager as he was to leave his solitude he nevertheless suffered mortal dread of the Spaniard and fled before them, followed by several shots, finally concealing himself in a thick tree.

At last, in February, 1709, Selkirk saw two English vessels ride into the bay. He immediately lighted a signal fire and was taken on board of one, the Duke, a privateer from Bristol, the pilot of which recognized in Selkirk an old friend. Otherwise they might have returned to England without finding out who the castaway was, for Selkirk's tongue, by long disuse of conversation, had thickened to mere gibberish.

On his return to his native village he enjoyed greatly for a few days the society of his friends and relatives. But it was for only a few days. Those long and solitary months on Juan Fernandez had left a lasting impress on his character. He was happy alone. So in the upper part of the garden attached to his father's house he formed a kind of cave, or grotto, and there he sat in solitude gazing out upon the beautiful bay of Largo, or wandered through a secluded valley called the Kief's den. After a few years the desire for the sea again took possession of him, and he died a lieutenant on board H. M. S. Weymouth some time in the year 1723.

The island had again resumed its wonted quiet, the only footfall that of the clamorous goat—the only sound that of the falling tree, lofty and primeval, or the hoarse rumble of the earthquake. No human being came there until 1730, when the Spanish government established a colony consisting of thirty-five families and a small garrison, but the settlement had hardly been established when it was destroyed by an earthquake. The sea rose and overwhelmed the houses, the governor and his family while at dinner were washed away by the waves, and only a few survivors, by clambering to the highest places, saved themselves to relate the melancholy tale.

These events had given Juan Fernandez a bad name, and when it became the property of Chile that government took advantage of it to create there a penal settlement for political offenders. It had already been used as such by Spain, and Chile appropriated it to the same purpose during the war of independence, which lasted from the year 1811 to 1818. After the Chilean republic was established an effort was made to colonize the island, but its tragic fate was not yet worked out. The small penitentiary that remained was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1835, and the Chilean government, after making another vain attempt to colonize the island, gave up and withdrew the garrison. Thus Juan Fernandez had shaken off with the same ease castaway, colonist and criminal.

Nevertheless its fascination spread across the vast leagues of water and drew thither other colonists, other lovers of solitude. A century earlier a Spanish pilot had fixed on this spot as the home for one man, and there were not wanting individuals who shared his belief that one person could live there and cultivate the island without assistance. There came an adventurer from the United States who rented the island from Chile and made the unsuccessful experiment. And again in 1877, when the government of Chile offered to rent the island to the highest bidder, he was found in a Swiss of noble family, Alfred de Rodt, who had fought on the side of the Austrians in the war of 1869 and on the French side in the Franco-Prussian struggle, and who after a life of trouble thought to find a place of contentment in this Robinson Crusoe island and rest there till his death. Into the enterprise he put all his fortune, fully \$50,000, brought a few colonists with him, and yet he has failed; his money has vanished, his colonists departed, and he is a physical wreck. His term of lease expired in 1883, but he cannot resist the spell and fascination of the island. There he will remain till he dies.

And all the while the beautiful grass grown and forested island smiles in the southern sun, produces fruits and cereals in abundance, and will lure to her breast another colony or another hermit. As fair and smiling it looks today from the point on the hill road Selkirk's lookout as it did in Robinson Crusoe's day. A few years ago the officers of a British ship erected a tablet to Selkirk's memory at this point, just where in a gap in the trap rock a magnificent view of the whole island can be had and of the sea north and south, over which the exile must often have watched with dilated eyes for an approaching sail.

THERE HE WILL REMAIN.

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Willis Strell.

Lively Times for Dallas Police.

The police of Dallas, Tex., had a lively time recently. Early one morning burglars were discovered in the business house of Coleman & Wagner, and after a desperate struggle in which several shots were exchanged the officers captured the ruffians. The safe had been blown open, and on the floor were drills, jimmies and other burglars' tools. One of the prisoners gave his name as David Archie, of Cincinnati, and the other claimed to be George Thompson, of New York. Late at night the police captured three men suspected of robbing houses in the residence portion of the city. They were loaded down with watches, jewelry and clothing. They gave their names as Mike Ryan and Mark Howard, of Chicago, and Will Kerins, of Kansas City.

Evaporation of Salt Water.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 200 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

WILLIAM'S AUSTRALIAN HERB PILLS. If you are yellow, bilious, constipated with headache, bad breath, drowsy, no appetite, look out, your liver is out of order. One box of these pills will drive all the troubles away and make a new being of you. Price 25 cents.

ROBBERY BY TELEGRAPH.

Moses Marks' Sensational Crime Swiftly Followed by Arrest.

Moses S. Marks, of Rochester, N. Y., has struck on something new in rascality. All other methods of stealing having grown stale, he has stolen \$23,000 by telegraph. His plan was remarkably ingenious, yet very risky. He got the money and got away, then "fooled with a woman" too long and was caught before reaching Canada.

Marks is a native of Rochester and member of one of the foremost Israelite families in the country. His reputation for honesty was of the best, and at the age of 16 he obtained a position in the Flower City National bank, rising as fast as his age would permit until at the age of 22 he was made note teller.



MOSES S. MARKS.

Then a change seemed to come over the youth. He became restless, got a position as drummer, did well for a while, then drank and gambled and finally returned to Rochester to live with his mother. At the American Express office in Rochester he was supposed to be still in the employ of the bank, and this made his crime possible. He sent this telegram:

Rochester, Nov. 10, 1890
National Bank of Commerce, New York City
Send us by express twenty-five thousand currency in tens and twenties.

Wm. Amosette Warren,
Cashier Flower City Bank.

The money was promptly sent and Marks was at the express office to see it. His receipt was taken and the package handed to him about 9 a. m. An hour later Mr. Warren received in his morning mail the New York bank's notice that the money had been sent. In thirty minutes more the facts of the crime were known and a small army of detectives set to work. Yet Marks had got out of town, and at noon that day was registered at the St. James, in Utica, as "M. Marlow, of New York." He was traced to a house of the sort such gentlemen frequent, and his value was found there—in it \$24,500 of the money. At 4:30 that evening he and his "girl" were found, and soon he was back in Rochester and behind bars.

Quick work that—crime, flight, capture and return within little more than a day. His wall to do and respectable relatives in list that he is damaged, and want to pay the damages, and secure an easy sentence, but both banks insist on vigorous prosecution.

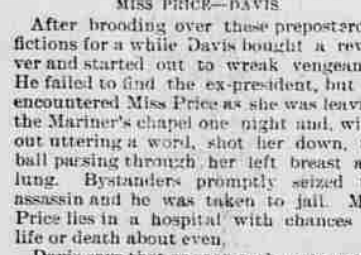
BLOODY WORK OF A MADMAN.

He Shoots a Young Woman and Desires the Life of Ex-President Cleveland.

Under personally favorable conditions John T. Davis would have reached a prominence second only to that attained by Garfield. He is one of those malignant cranks who think it their mission to "move" people, and the man for whom he went gunning was ex-President Cleveland. Davis, who has lived in New York city for a long time, is an undersized, ugly looking fellow about 60 years of age. He has enjoyed an excellent reputation as a bookkeeper and accountant, and has also held positions of responsibility on ocean steamers plying between America and Europe.

Recently he developed the preliminary symptoms of a paranoiac—that is, a lunatic with a fixed delusion. The desire seized him to kill someone, and in his delirium he went gunning for a most remarkable combination of circumstances.

While an attendant at the Martine's chapel he saw and fell in love with the organist, Miss Gladys Price. The two were not acquainted in the slightest degree, in fact, had never spoken to each other, but the man, promptly evolved the idea that the girl was his wife, that they had been married at Westminster abbey, and that their separation was due to the unlawful wills of Grover Cleveland.



MISS PRICE—DAVIS.

After brooding over these preposterous fictions for a while Davis plotted a revolt and started out to wreak vengeance. He failed to find the ex-president, but he encountered Miss Price as she was leaving the Martine's chapel one night, and while out uttering a word, shot her down, the ball passing through her left breast and lung. Bystanders promptly seized the assassin and he was taken to jail. Miss Price lies in a hospital with chances for life or death about even.

Davis says that as soon as he gets out he will slay Cleveland. Naturally, however, there is small prospect of his being released for a long time to come.

Bound on a Perilous Voyage.

Capt. F. L. Norton steamed away the other day from New York bay in a queer little craft, which he expects to take him, his wife and niece to the other side of the big pond. The vessel is called the Norton. Over all she measures 35 feet, her beam is 12 feet and she has a draught of 6 feet 4 1/2 inches when loaded with eight tons of coal, her full capacity. She can steam eight miles an hour with thirty horse power engines, but her commander expects to run at least 250 miles burning but half a ton of coal. She carries a big spread of sail, has six water tight compartments and a double hull, and is manned by a crew of nine men and boys.

THE MIDGET STEAMER.

Special line of umbrellas and walking sticks for the holidays.

Bast-Terry Men. Co., 142 Main St.

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China and Crockery Department—New Stock New Styles! Novelties! Cups and Saucers, in single and in sets. Vases! Vases! In every variety, elegant finish; handsomest in the city. Shoes—Ladies' and Men's and Shoes for Dancing and Walking. Dry Goods—Shawls, Delmans, Jackets, Plush Coats. Novelties in Fancy Goods. Will make prices to close out stock.

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- SALT LAKE.
Dr. L. B. Smith.
Prof. Thomas Radcliffe, Piano Teacher.
Mr. E. A. Ireland, Capitalist.
" J. G. Mitchell.
" Hyron E. Hartwell, Real Estate Dealer.
" Charles A. Tate.
" Thomas Guest.
" E. H. Pierce.
" William H. Brown.
" Dr. J. A. Graham.
" J. C. Kirby, Real Estate Dealer.
" F. L. O'Connell, Hardware Dealer.
" G. C. Kiefer.
" Mrs. W. M. Lamson.
" Dr. C. L. Rowe.
" A. Bailey.
" E. P. Yards, Doctee.
" S. A. Snow.
" M. J. Cheeseman, Cashier Union Bank.
" James J. Manning, Hardware Dealer.
" Miss Theresa Ford.
" Mrs. M. R. Waite.
" Miss Minnie Barton.
" Mrs. M. C. Fox, Capitalist.
" E. S. Dunford.
" W. H. Wisnau.
" R. W. C. Dougall.
- PARK CITY.
Mr. J. L. Osborn, Furniture Dealer.
" J. C. Lindsay.
" J. M. Leander.
- NEPHI.
Mrs. Jennie B. Ashman.
- BRIGHAM CITY.
Mrs. A. Rosenbaum.
Mr. A. L. Rosenbaum.
" J. H. Spargo.
OGDEN.
Mr. Jos. L. Carlson.
" H. M. Bond, Grocery Dealer.
" A. B. Johnson, Editor.
" W. R. Swan, Real Estate Dealer.
Ogden Military Academy.
Mr. W. J. Stephens.
" Frank J. Stephens.
" A. H. Slichter.
" Wm. V. Helfrich, Banker.
" Lester B. Orton, Jeweler.
" S. C. Stephens.
" E. Morten.
" George Driver.
" William Driver, Druggist.
" Ezra Farr, Real Estate Dealer.
" John McManis.
" R. Ross.
" Charles Corey, Contractor.
" M. Richter.
" Prof. Jas. W. Duncan, Piano Teacher.
" A. J. Ross.
" Miss Emma B. Ferguson.
" Alice B. Galtman, Musician.
" Mrs. Mary A. Ross.
" M. A. Newman.
- TERRACE.
Mr. J. H. Neven.
" T. J. Dunn.

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and CLOUGH & WARREN

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They carry a Full Line of the above makes of instruments, all of which they are selling very low and on easy Monthly or Quarterly Payments. They will take old instruments in exchange as part payments on new ones. It will pay any one who intend purchasing an instrument to call on this firm and examine their immense stock before buying elsewhere. Remember the place.

F. E. Warren Mercantile Co.,

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Christmas Bargains.

We offer at a great sacrifice everything we have left in PARIS PATTERN SUITS, and have marked them down, REGARDLESS of COST, to \$9.00, \$11.50 and \$14.00. They consist of this season's Novelties, and the prices named are from 25 to 40 PER CENT. LESS THAN COST.

A lot of 36-inch Gray Tricot Dress Goods at 25c. per yard. The price speaks for itself.
A line of 50-inch French Broadcloth at 90c. per yard. Reduced from \$1.25.
A line of 32-inch Checked Cloth Suitings at 90c. Reduced from 75c.

We Place on Sale

TWO BALES OF BLEACHED MUSLIN

At 14 yards for \$1.00.

This Muslin came to us by mistake, and is equal in every respect to Lonsdale or Fruit of the Loom.

50 Pieces Linen Crash Toweling

At 5c. per yard.

We offer a lot of Cream Fringed, Red Bordered Damask Table Covers at great bargains, as follows: 2, 2 1/2 and 3 1/2 yard lengths, at 75c., 50c. and \$1.10, reduced from \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

RIBBONS! RIBBONS! RIBBONS!

A lot of Gros Grain Satin Edge Ribbons in 5, 7, 9, 12 and 16, at 10c. PER YARD for all widths.

A lot of Fancy Ribbons, all in No. 15, at 15c. PER YARD. Reduced from 40c.

Children's Plush Bonnets

At 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.25. Reduced from \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

We are offering a great bargain in a lot of very choice all-wool

JERSEY WAISTS

For Ladies, in Checks, Boucle and Plain Black; made up in the Best Possible Styles, at \$1.25 EACH. THIS IS EXACTLY HALF PRICE. Sizes 32 to 42. No such bargain has ever been offered here before.

A lot of Blouse Jersey Waists at \$1.50 and \$2.00. Marked down from \$3.00 and \$2.50. Our entire line of Higher Priced

JERSEYS AT BARE COST.

An elegant line of Winter Skirts, Very Choice Goods, at 75c. and \$1.00. About half price.

A lot of Ladies' Heavy Jersey Ribbed Merino Vests at 35c. Reduced from 50c. Ladies' Natural Wool Ribbed Vests and Drawers, all sizes, at 50c. each; worth 75c.

Special Sale of Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Cloaks and Wraps.

We offer a lot of Children's Cloaks, sizes 4 to 12, in all-wool goods, made up in correct this season's styles, at \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00. A reduction of 35% per cent from regular prices.

Misses' Cloaks and Newmarkets, in sizes 14, 16 and 18, at \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00. A reduction of one-fourth from regular prices.

We carry a full stock of Alaska Seal Jackets and Capes. Seal has advanced 75 per cent, since we made our purchases. Our prices, however, remain the same. Jackets from \$110.00 to \$160.00; Capes at \$75.00.

COHN BROS.

R. K. THOMAS.

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About one-half of last season's prices. A large assortment of

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At popular prices to suit all pockets. A special lot of

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In all shades, about 500 garments. Also a large line of

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In all shades. All now being opened in the basement, where we are using ten electric lights. Great Bargains in Ladies' Cloth Jackets and Silk Wraps for early fall wear. Inspection is solicited.

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